

WHO IS THE
JIGSAW
MAN?

WHAT IS
THE SECRET
OF Q?

Q

Q

37
PAGE
SPECIAL



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JACK STAFF

BRITAIN'S GREATEST HERO!

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I knew my days in Wells were numbered on a balmy autumn afternoon at the end of November 2000 when I received a Notice to Quit from the Landlord. I knew it was time to do something about it about a year later when a woman knocked on the studio door and asked "Is this the Old Laundry on Alfred Street?"

"Yes?"

"Is this the place that has applied for planning permission for demolition?"

"I don't know about that, I'm just renting space."

"That's okay, if this is the Old Laundry, then it's the place!"

I can take a hint. Once this issue is off at the printers I pack my bags and boxes and move to a new Studio Garret, this time with a Seaside View - if I lean through the window and look between the chimney pots.

No letters page this issue, unfortunately this issue snuck onto the inside back cover and pushed them out. It'll be back next issue, so please keep them coming. I know I've got a backlog of stuff I should have replied to (sorry) but I do appreciate your comments.

A quick mention for the UK Comic Festival in Bristol which will be taking place over the weekend of June 1 - 2 at the Commonwealth Museum in Bristol, which is just next to Bristol Temple Meads Rail Station. Lots and lots of guests - and I'll be there too - full details can be found at <http://comicfestival.co.uk>. Whilst you're there you might want to vote in the National Comic Awards which will be presented over the Festival Weekend!

This month's recommended Comic Book is 'Abe - Wrong for all the Right Reasons' by Glenn Dakin, published by Top Shelf Productions. I've been a big fan of Glenn's work from his early days of Fast Fiction and Escape and this book collects some of his finest comic strip work.

And finally, if anyone knows S J Greenslade (or indeed, if you are S J Greenslade) from Wales, please get in touch as you ordered some comics but forgot to include your address.

That's it. You can go now.

" IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD "

QUOTATIONS



A BOOK LENGTH



ADVENTURE!

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featuring BRITAIN'S GREATEST HERO!



"PAUL GRIST
IS A GENIUS
ONLY PROBLEM
FAR TOO SHORT"

COMICS INTERNATIONAL

"I NEVER KNEW THERE WAS A HEIGHT REQUIREMENT!" PAUL GRIST

THEY CALL ME DETECTIVE INSPECTOR

MAVERYK

I'M WHAT THEY CALL AN
OLD FASHIONED COPPER.

WE
GOT YOU
BANG TO
RIGHTS
JACK BOY.

BOTH
YOU AND
THE SPIDER
WERE
FILMED
BREAKING
INTO THE
EISNER
BUILDING.

AND
YOU WERE
CAUGHT
TRYING TO
ESCAPE
WITH THE
RAINBOW
DIAMONDS.



Y'KNOW, THE KIND WITH **GUT INSTINCTS.**

I DON'T NEED HOME OFFICE GUIDELINES
TO TELL ME WHAT'S **RIGHT** AND WHAT'S
WRONG.

SO WHAT
HAPPENED
?

YOU TWO
HAVE SOME
KIND OF
FALL OUT?

THE
SPIDER'S
DROPPED
YOU RIGHT
IN IT MATE,
SAYS IT WAS
ALL **YOUR**
PLAN.

YOU
WANT SOME
ADVICE
ON THIS
ONE SON?



I'M RIGHT.

YOU
PUT YOUR
HANDS UP
TO THIS. IT'LL
BE EASIER
ON YOU IN
THE LONG
RUN.

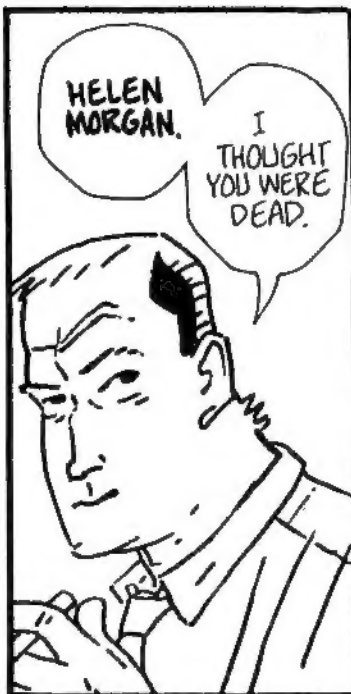


HE'S WRONG.



GUT INSTINCT.





The Bodybuilder

Trevor Noone had a body that men envied and women desired. He knew that. He had read about it in the booklet that promised a New Body for all those who followed the strict diet and training regime that it detailed.

It hadn't been easy. The raw materials that nature had dealt him had hardly been promising. A sickly child had grown into a sickly youth. Naturally shy and hesitant he became an easy target for the bullies, for those who could only prove their strength by picking on those smaller than themselves. Despite his timid nature he set to work with gusto.

It took time, it took effort, and it took a great deal of steroids. But he built his body the way he wanted it to be

Of course there were the headaches, the mood swings and violent outbursts, but those were a small price to pay.

Yes, this was his body. His creation, his lifetimes work. No one could take that away from him.



THE CASTLE GYM.

SO THIS WAS
MISTER
CASTLE
TOWN
2002?



THE
JIGSAW
MAN.

INTERESTING
CHOICE OF
READING.

POPULAR
BOOK?

WHAT?

I'LL
SAY.

SO FAR
EVERY
VICTIM
HAD A
COPY IN
THEIR
POSSESSION.

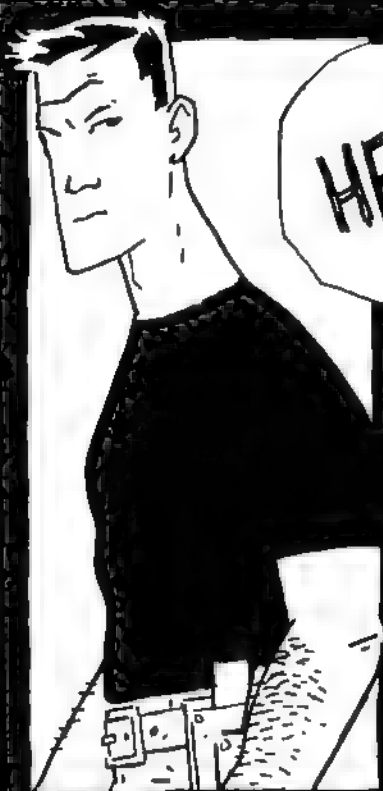
WHO GAVE
YOU TWO CLOWNS
PERMISSION
TO TRAMPLE
ROUND
HERE?

THIS
IS A
CRIME
SCENE.

WHAT DO
YOU CALL IT
WHEN A
MURDER
VICTIM HAS
EVERY SINGLE
MUSCLE
IN HIS BODY
REMOVED

...WITH
OUT A
SINGLE
CUT?





HEY!

JOHN
SMITH!



WHERE
ARE WE
GOING
NOW?



OUT.

2.
AND
YOU'LL
BE
FREE

YOU
KNOW
WHAT YOUR
PROBLEM
IS?

YOU
LIKE TO
THINK OF
YOURSELF
AS THIS
ALL ACTION
SUPERHERO

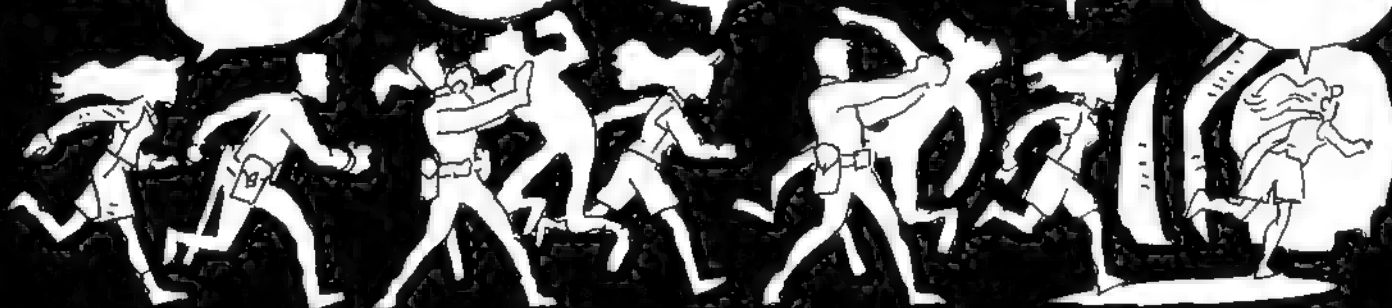
BUT
REALLY ALL
YOU DO IS
SPEND YOUR
TIME
RUSHING
ROUND.

YOU GO
FROM ONE
CRISIS TO
ANOTHER
JUST HITTING
THINGS.

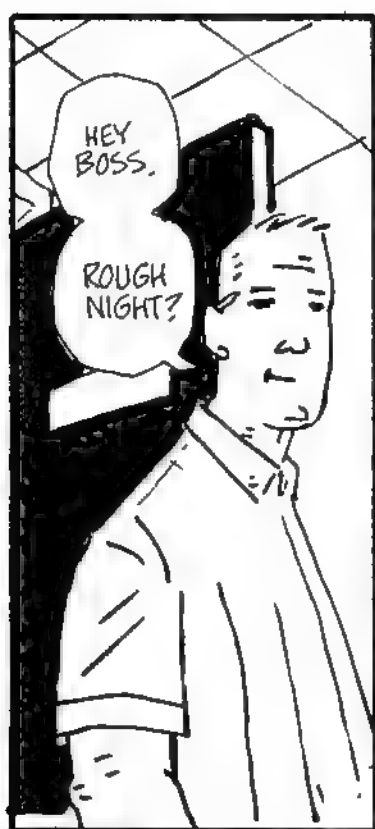
THERE'S
NO ROOM
FOR
REFLECTION.

THERE'S
NO TIME
TO **THINK**
NO TIME
TO **TALK**
...

NO WONDER
YOU'RE NOT
ABLE TO
SUSTAIN A
LONG TERM
RELATIONSHIP.









SORRY,
WERE YOU
EXPECTING
SOMEONE
ELSE MISTER
SMITH?

**HELEN
MORGAN.**
I WORK FOR **Q**,
THE QUESTION
MARK CRIME
INVESTIGATION
GROUP.



OFFIC

HAVE
WE
MET?

I BELIEVE
YOU'VE
MET SOME
OF MY
COLLEAGUES.

OR
RATHER
JACK STAFF
DID.

Q?



THAT'S
RIGHT

YOU'RE
THE
DEAD
WOMAN.



MISUNDER
STANDINGS
ALL ROUND
I THINK.



AT LEAST I
WAS ABLE TO
HELP SORT
YOUR LITTLE
PROBLEM
WITH D.I.
MAVERYK.

THAT
WAS
DOWN TO
YOU
WAS IT?

I WONDERED
WHAT HAD HAPPENED
TO CHANGE HIS
CHEERY DIS-
POSITION.



DIXON STREET POLICE STATION.

DAMN
DAMN
DAMN-
SHE'S
RIGHT!

THE POST
MORTUM
CONFIRMS
THERE WASN'T
A SINGLE
MUSCLE LEFT
IN NOONES
BODY!

SKELETONS,
LUNGS,
HEARTS, ALL
TAKEN OUT
WITHOUT
A CUT.

I'VE
NEVER
HEARD OF
ANYTHING
LIKE
IT!

I
HAVE.

WHAT?

IT'S
FROM
THIS
BOOK
...

IAIN M
ANGEL

THE JIGSAW
MAN

MORGAN
WAS LOOKING
AT A COPY
OF THIS AT
THE GYM.

BELONGED
TO THE
VICTIM.

"A SERIAL KILLER
TRAVELS THE COUNTRY
KILLING AT RANDOM
AND REMOVING A
PIECE OF HIS VICTIMS
BODY AS A BLOODY
MEMENTO OF HIS CRIME"

WHO
WRITES
THIS
TOSH?

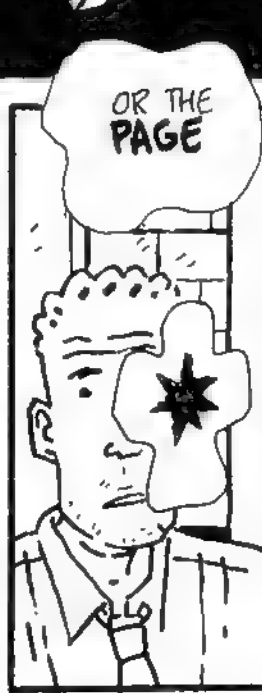
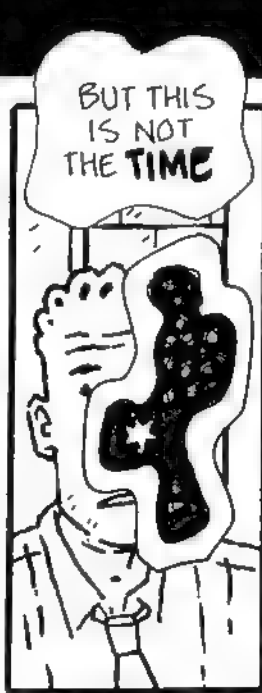
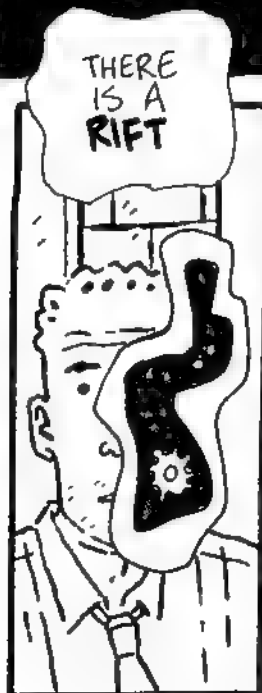
IAIN M
ANGEL.
HE USED
TO WRITE
COMICS.

THEN HE
STOPPED
TO CONCEN-
TRATE ON
WRITING A
SERIOUS
NOVEL.

HE'LL
BE BACK.
THEY
ALWAYS
ARE.

COMICS?

DO
PEOPLE
STILL BUY
THOSE?



**WATERSTONES
BOOKSHOP**
THE HIGH STREET
CASTLE TOWN.

WHERE
DO YOU
GET YOUR
IDEAS
FROM?

WHEN
ARE YOU
GOING TO
WRITE
ANOTHER
DANDYMAN
COMIC?

HOW
COME YOU
KNOW SO
MUCH
ABOUT
SERIAL
KILLERS
?

WHAT
DOES THE
M
STAND
FOR?

ANY
**GOOD
WRITER**
WRITES
WHAT THEY
KNOW.

SO YOU
LOOK INSIDE
YOURSELF AND
FIND THE DARK
UNPLEASANT
BEAST WE ALL
HAVE INSIDE,
BUT OVER THE
YEARS HAVE
LEARNED TO
KEEP CHAINED
UP AND
HIDDEN..

AND
YOU HAVE
TO BE
BRAVE
ENOUGH
TO SET
IT FREE.

THE NEXT
THING YOU
KNOW
YOU'RE
IN
TESCO.

LOOKING
AT ALL THE
**WORTHLESS
PEOPLE**
LIVING THEIR
POINTLESS
LIVES.

WONDER-
ING HOW
MANY WAYS
YOU CAN SHOW
THEM JUST
HOW USELESS
THEY ARE.

I KNOW
ABOUT
**SERIAL
KILLERS.**
I AM
ONE.

I AM
THE
**JIGSAW
MAN.**

SO-
WHAT'S
YOUR
NAME
MATE?

MAVERYK.

**DETECTIVE
INSPECTOR
MAVERYK.**

oh-
AND
YOU'RE
NICKED
CHUMMY.



IAIN M ANGEL



IAIN M ANGEL



IAIN M ANGEL



ANGEL



BUT I
HAVEN'T
DONE
ANYTHING!

THAT'S
WHAT
THEY **ALL**
SAY.

I WAS
HOPING
FOR SOME
THING A
BIT MORE
ORIGINAL

END CHAPTER TWO



**I'm BECKY BURDOCK
VAMPIRE
REPORTER**

And I've been
having trouble
SLEEPING
of late.

**RING
RING**



3. MADE THE BUS IN SECONDS FLAT



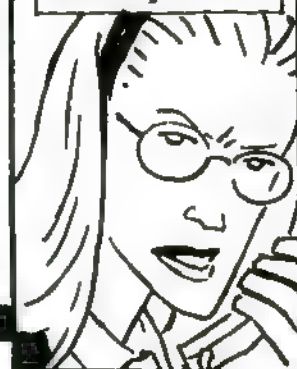
YES?

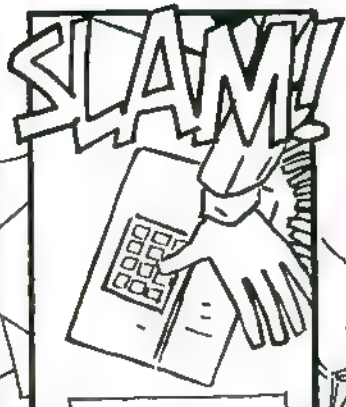
What is this?



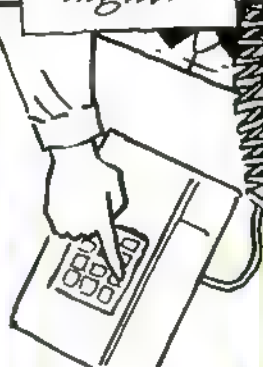
HELLO?

Asthmatics
Anonymous?

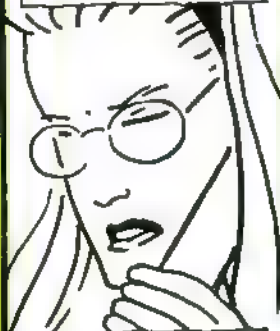




Right.



One. Four.
Seven. One.



I've got your
number...



Mister Smith.



The Passenger

Micky Dawson was one of life's passengers, forever fated to wait for the late bus, or condemned to miss the early ones. But that was okay. Micky enjoyed being a passenger. It gave him time to think. To read.

The book he was reading at the moment was *The Jigsaw Man*, by Iain M Angel. He'd followed Angel's work since the early days and here was evidence that the comic medium could attract quality writers. Writers who could stand their own in the real book world.

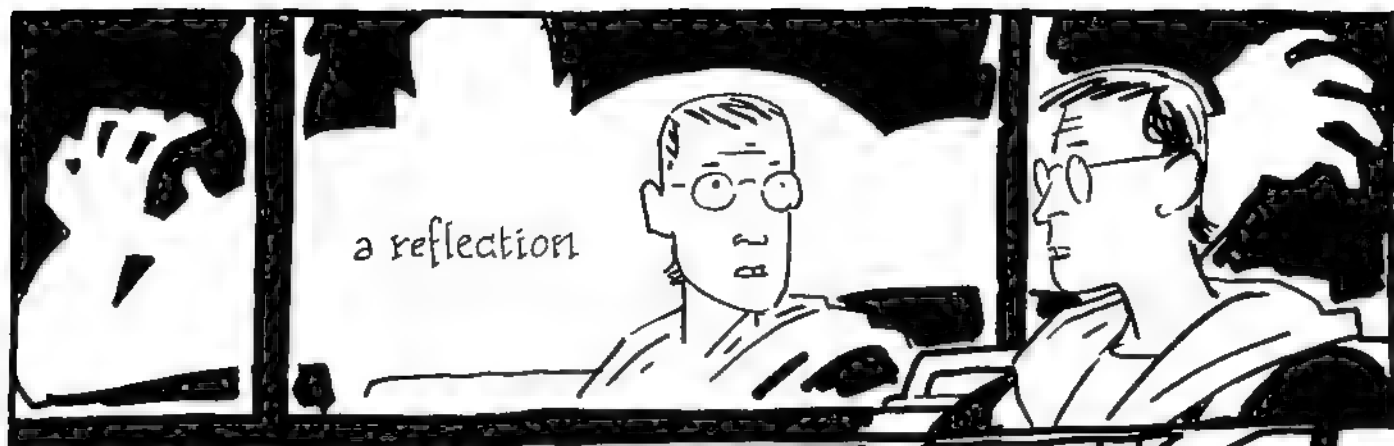
Still, Micky couldn't help feeling there was something lacking in Angel's prose work. Maybe it was just the pictures.

Micky felt the shift of weight on the seat as someone sat next to him. That was unexpected, he thought he was the only passenger on the bus.

Turning his head he glanced out of the window at the dark city streets. There was something outside the bus. No, someone, a blur of colour, running towards the bus.

And something else, he could see in the window





*Transcript of interview with Iain M Angel at Dixon Street Police Station.
Date: 19/4 Time: 21.05.*

Interview conducted by Detective Inspector Maveryk. Also present Detective Sergeant Nolan.

D. I. MAVERYK: *Alright, you know why you're here, don't you Mr Angel?*

ANGEL: No.

D. I. MAVERYK: *Do you know Trevor Noone?*

ANGEL: No.

D. I. MAVERYK: *Have you ever been to the Castle Gymnasium?*

ANGEL: No, look, what's this all about?

D. I. MAVERYK: *I'm asking the questions Mr Angel.*

ANGEL: Well I'm not answering them unless you tell me why I'm being held here.

D. I. MAVERYK: *This morning Trevor Noone was killed at the Castle Gym.*

ANGEL: Well I don't know anything about that. I got here last night. I've never been to Castletown before. The only reason I'm here now is because I'm doing a signing tour for my new book.

D. I. MAVERYK: *That'll be the book about a serial killer who travels round the country and removing various body parts from each of his victims.*

ANGEL: The Jigsaw Man, right.

D. I. MAVERYK: *Where were you on the 5th of April?*

ANGEL: I don't know. I guess that was the first date of the tour. (Mr Angel removes a bookmark from his inside coat pocket and consults that) Newcastle.

D. I. MAVERYK: *And on the 7th?*

ANGEL: Hull.

D. I. MAVERYK: *And the 8th?*

ANGEL: Here's the bookmark, look for yourself.

D. I. MAVERYK: *Would you be surprised to know that in each of these cities a murder was committed during the day that you were there?*

ANGEL: It's a dangerous world.

D. I. MAVERYK: *And a body part was removed from each of the victims?*

ANGEL: So? What are you implying?

D. I. MAVERYK: *When we met you at the bookshop did you or did you not say 'I am the Jigsaw Man'?*

ANGEL: Now you're quoting me out of context there, you're twisting it.

D. I. MAVERYK: *What did you mean then Mr. Angel?*

ANGEL: I'm a writer. I just make things up.

D. I. MAVERYK: *So, you admit you're a liar then, how do I know you're not lying to me now?*

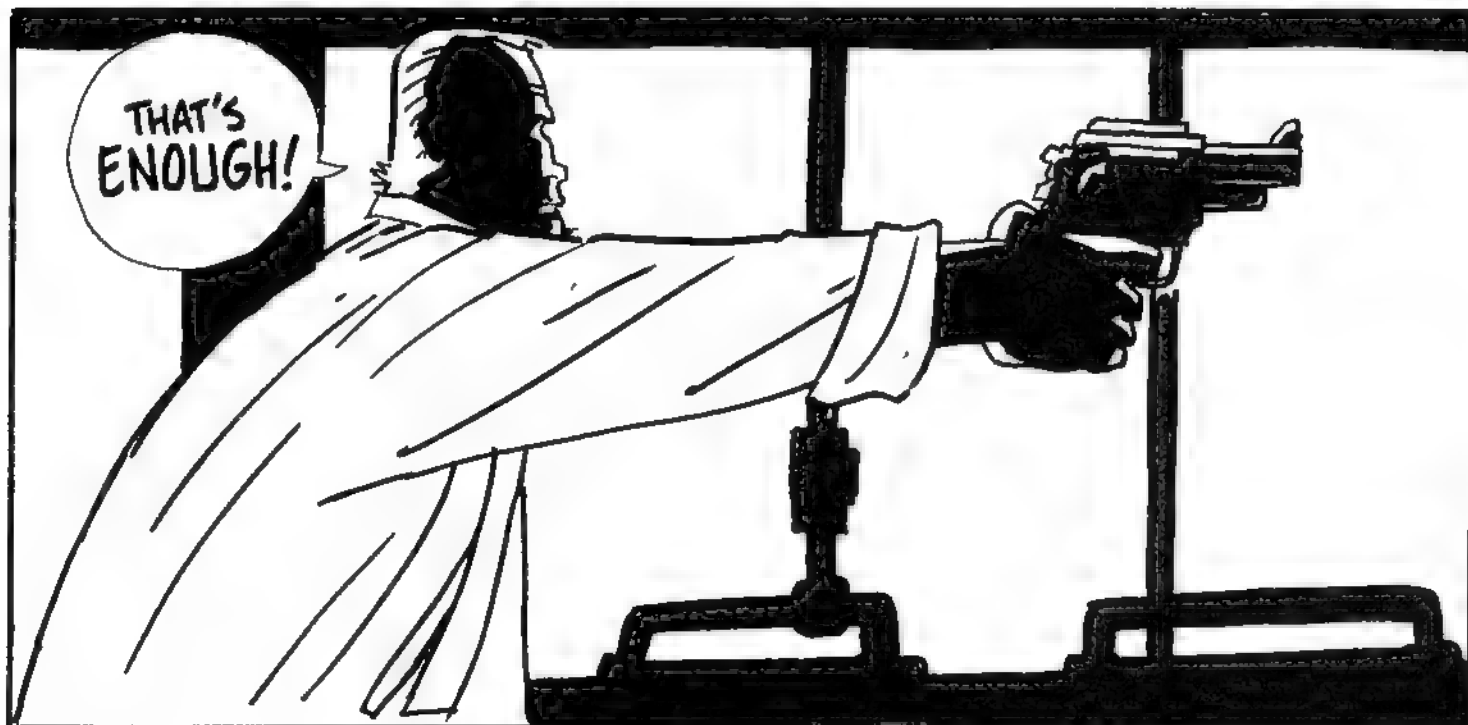
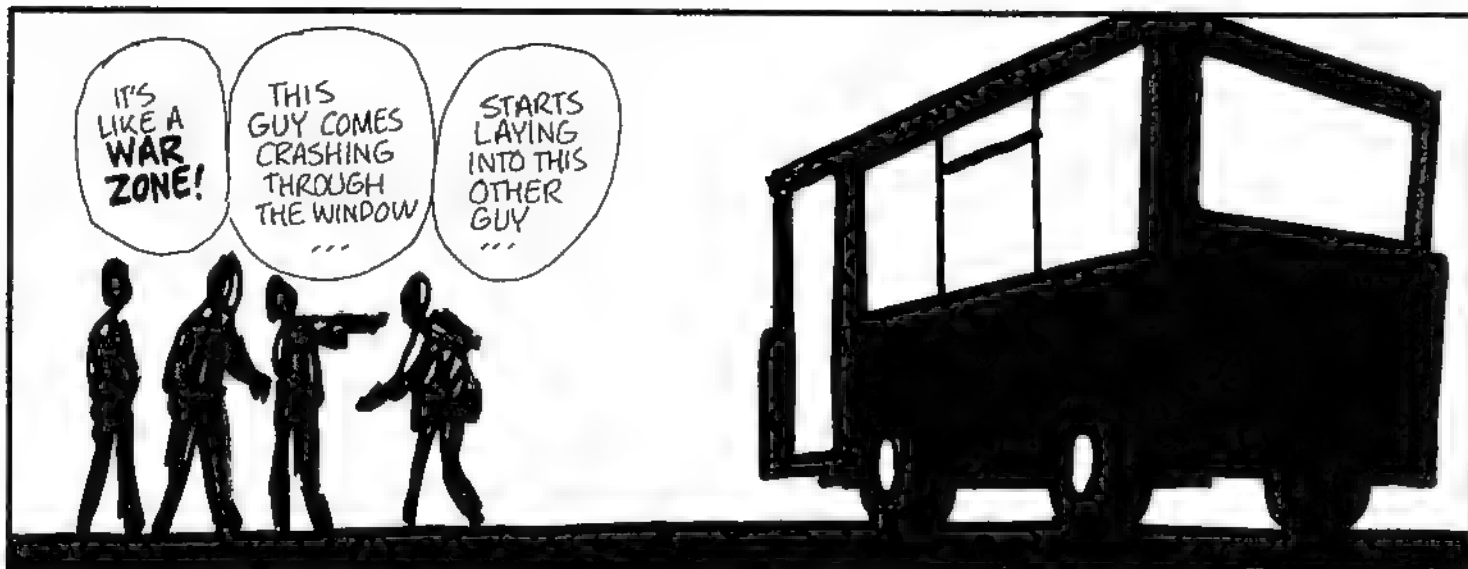
There is a knock at the door. Sergeant Stone enters the room

D. I. MAVERYK: *What?*

SGT. STONE: Sorry Sir, we need you outside, there's a bus.

D. I. MAVERYK leaves the room. Interview ends.

Time: 21.20





The Detective

Detective Inspector Maveryk looked at his watch.

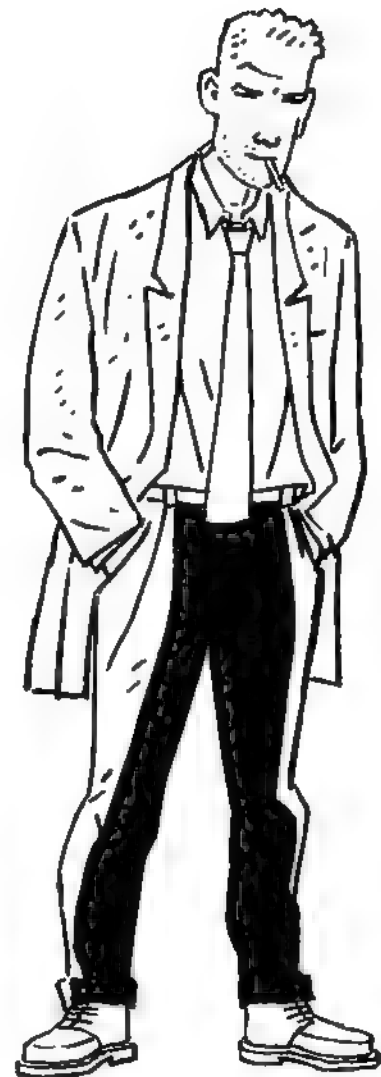
Ten Fifteen. He'd been working the Jigsaw Man case for almost ten hours now. He'd arrested a writer and Britain's Greatest Hero (for the second time that day), and he knew that he was still no nearer solving the case than he had been when he left the gym. The only consolation was that neither was Q. They hadn't even arrested anybody. They were just holed up in their broom cupboard of a basement office.

Ten Sixteen. It was time to do something.

"I'm going to get some chips" growled Maveryk. "You mind the shop Nolan".

Detective Sergeant 'Zipper' Nolan picked up the copy of The Jigsaw Man that was on his desk. He looked at the inscription on the title page 'Best wishes Iain M Angel'.

At least here was a chance to catch up on some reading in the name of research. He thumbed idly through the pages, his eyelids growing heavier as





ELSEWHERE.

MAVERYK'S
OUT ROUNDING
UP THE
USUAL
SUSPECTS.

MAVERYK'S
AN IDIOT.

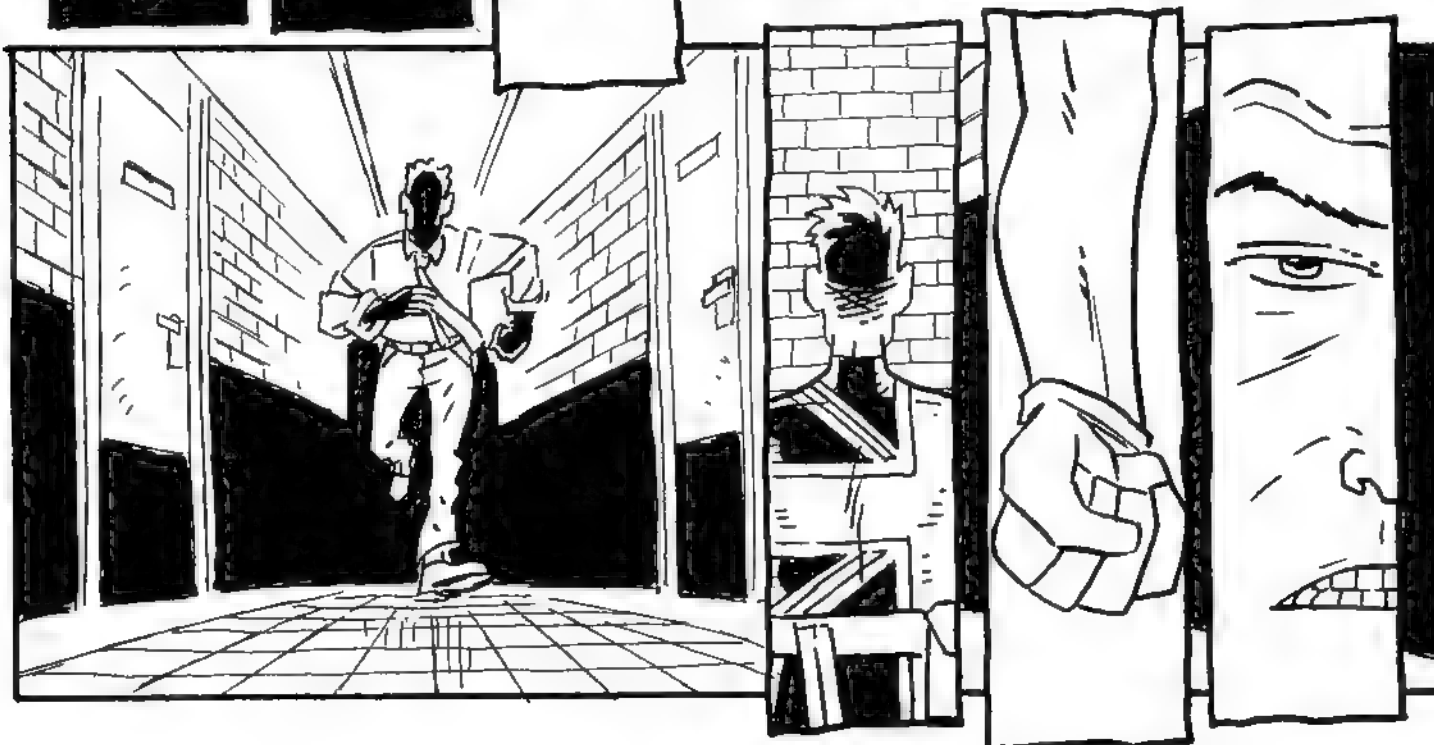
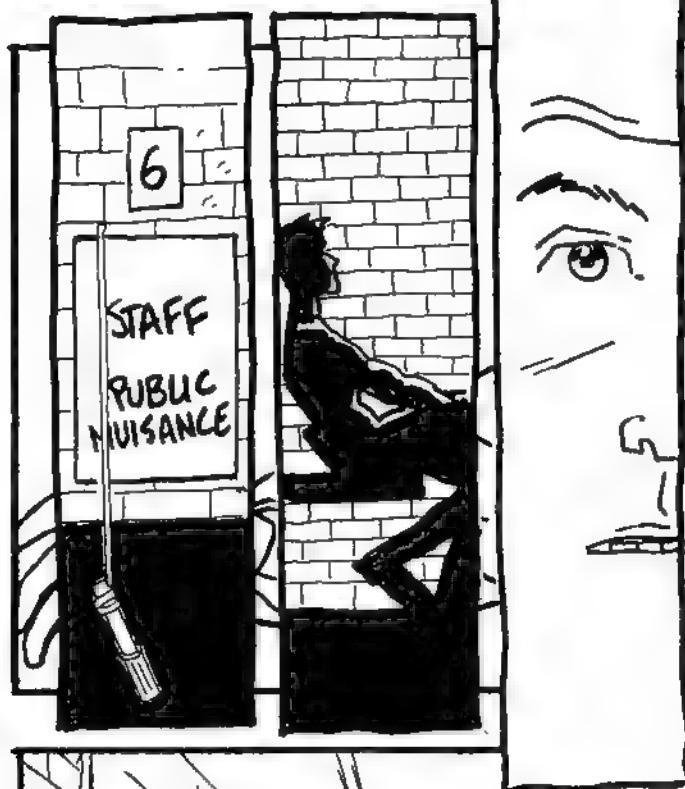
BUT HE'S
RIGHT
ABOUT
ONE
THING.

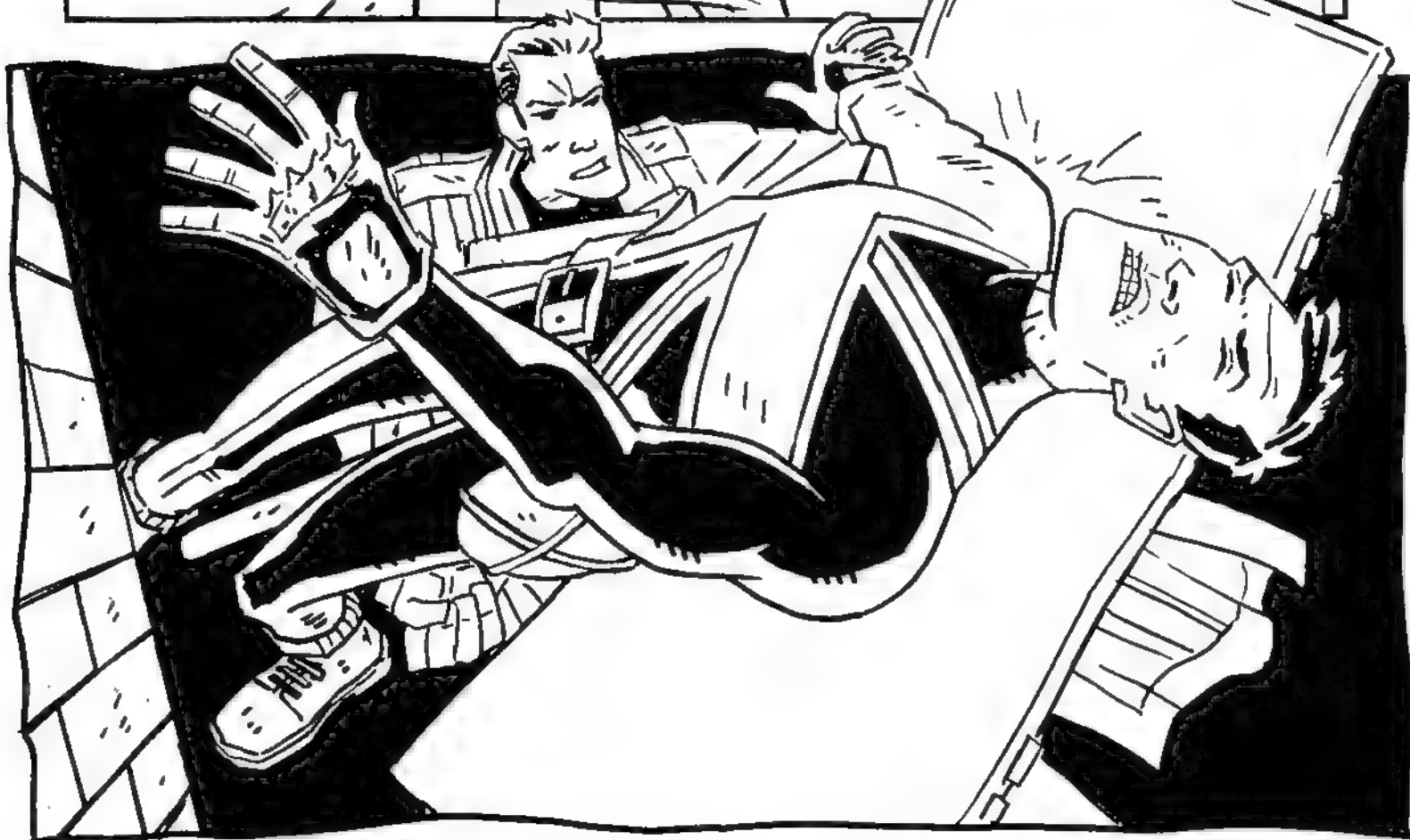


BUT
I DON'T
GET
IT.

THERE'S
**SOME
THING**
MISSING.







5. ALL I HAVE TO TAKE





